The True Northerner.

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MAKING EYES.

So many things a girl can make
I cannot fathom why
So few can turn us out a cake,
Or make an apple pie.
Excuses they can make, galore,
Fair bouquets, wreaths, and ties;
But they delight in something more,
And that is "making eyes."

A girl can make a man a fool—
See history for that—
Can make a dress by fashion's rule,
Or trim a dainty hat,
But oft—from gaping crowds apart—
I've pondered with surprise
On this; her rarest, dearest art,
You know, is "making eyes."

A woman makes the moments fly,
She makes the cash fly, too
For husbands say she makes them buy
Whatever comes in view.
But this I know, O modern belle—
It is no vain surmise—
The art in which you most excel
Is that of "making eyes."

THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

The morning express from New York arrived at Chicago at 8 o'clock, and brought its usual medley of passengers, among them one very strange one. A dead woman was found in one of the sleeping-cars—a young and exceedingly lovely girl, with hair like silk and features exquisitely perfect and fair.

She lay in the lower berth of a section as if asleep; only, when they turned her and looked in her face, the large, black eyes were staring with a look of agony and horror in them that even death had not been able to remove.

The upper berth, did not seem to have been occupied, and there was nothing about her to indicate that she had died by violence except that look in her fixed eyes and a slight distortion of the lovely features.

Upon one of the long, silky curls which lay across her throat, was a small piece of soft, slightly adhesive wax, which, finding it impossible to remove otherwise, the curl containing it being severed, was laid aside for future examination.

It was learned upon inquiry that she had come upon the train at Detroit, in the night, and alone.

The section had been engaged for her beforehand, by a woman of middle age seemingly, though none of the officials at the ticket-office could give more than a general description of her, she having worn a veil, and only partially lifted it at any time. Nothing was discovered to really excite suspicion of unfairness, though an uncomfortable air of mystery hung about the affair.

The exceeding beauty of the dead girl, the richness of her clothing, the costly jewels in her ears and upon her hands, the absence of any baggage, even a traveling bag, the fact that an elegant portemonnaie containing notes to a considerable amount was found in the pocket of her dress, but no papers or address of any sort, no name—these circumstances were discussed and commented upon, until curiosity grew weary.

At the inquest the jury gave in their verdict in accordance with the report of the doctors—"Died of congestion of the lungs." Many came to look upon the beautiful, dead face, drawn by the noise the papers made about the affair; and she was at last recognized by friends from Detroit, whom she had lately been visiting, as a Miss Tracy, from California. But they could give no explanation of the mysterious circumstances attending and preceding her death. She had left them without telling them where she was going—had gone out that afternoon ostensibly to call upon an acquaintance, and had not returned. That was all they could tell.

The body was sent to her father in San Francisco, and the matter dropped. But there was a general feeling that a mystery remained back of all; it might be a dark and terrible one.

I was a young girl of 17 at this time, and chanced to be on the train, and the very car, with the dead girl, though I did not know it till long afterward.

It happened in this way:

I had been visiting a school friend, and was summoned home suddenly by telegraph to attend the wedding of a sister, whose betrothed, being called abroad unexpectedly, wished to take his bride with him. Hence the sudden marriage. I got aboard the train at a town about six hours' ride from Chicago, at 3 o'clock in the morning, and, not feeling inclined to sleep, took a seat in the small compartment of a palace-car, called the drawing-room. I sat with my back to the main portion of the car, and so close to the door on the side by which passengers entered that no one would be likely to know I was there, except by actually looking inside.

The lights were turned low, but sufficient remained to enable me to see in the mirrors about me most of the interior of the car outside my own retreat. There was not much to see, the berths being mostly all closed. But for that very reason, perhaps, I noticed a hand which was holding slightly apart the draperies of a section half way down the car. The hand glittered with several evidently costly stones upon the small fingers, and that was enough of itself to attract my attention.

When a face, the most beautiful I had ever seen in my life, presently followed the hand, looking cautiously out, and quickly retreating, my interest increased the face was so white—the large [illegible] so anxious.

Her anxiety, though seen but for a moment, affected me. I could not help wondering what she was looking for, and I watched her berth constantly (in the mirror) to see if she would look out again. She did repeatedly.

At last I saw her face brighten into an ecstasy of joy, and at the same moment the figure of a man slipped swiftly along the aisle, and stopped beside her an instant. I could not see his face. He climbed instantly to the upper berth, without even removing the cap, which he wore instead of a hat, close down over his forehead.

I could not see his face then, but, after a time, when the cars stopped at a small place about twenty miles from Chicago, I saw the same man, with his cap still on, coming back along the aisle.

I had one glimpse of his face in the mirror—a brief one—but in that instant he lifted his eyes, and in the glass our eyes met. He stood staring a moment, and then, with a glance around him of savage bewilderment, dashed by and disappeared.

I cannot describe the creeping, icy thrill which that one look, encountered only in a glass, sent through me.

The face, too, haunted me, more by its expression than its features—a handsome, wicked, sneering face, that fascinated and repelled at the same moment—a face whose ghostly, livid whiteness it sickened me to remember, whose terrible eyes in that one flash of meeting had seemed to look abject fear and savage threatening at once.

I cowered down in my seat, and covered my face with my shawl, afraid to look lest I should meet that awful glance again, and finally fell asleep, not waking till we were entering Chicago.

I had no baggage—I had left my trunk to be sent in the next train—and I got off at Twenty-second street.

As I left the car, I remembered noticing that one section in the middle of the car remained undisturbed and closely curtained still. The conductor had addressed the occupant several times, but when she did not answer supposed her to be still sleeping, and did not discover that it was the sleep of death until after the arrival of the train at the depot.

In consequence perhaps of my having left the car at Twenty-second street, I was not remembered, or called as a witness at the inquest, and as my sister was married at 12 o'clock that day, and I went away with her to New York and remained there some weeks after she had sailed with her husband, I did not happen to hear of the finding of that dead girl in a sleeping-car, in a long time.

A year passed. My sister was still abroad. I was having a good time in society, of which I was extremely fond.

I had lately formed the acquaintance of a gentleman who brought a letter of introduction from my sister. He was an Englishman, but had lived much in Paris, and had met my sister there, and had been able to extend her and her husband some courtesies, which she in her letter asked me to return as far as lay in my power.

I was obliged, therefore, to be polite to the gentleman, though I had taken a violent dislike to him. I could not account to myself for my aversion, but it was insurmountable.

He was very handsome and distinguished-looking, but I never met him suddenly without a start, and a chilly shrinking as if I had met him somewhere before, under terrifying circumstances. He seemed very rich, and I am ashamed to say that, in spite of my dislike, when he asked me to marry him I hesitated about refusing him, because I did not like to lose the eclat of being attended by him—an attendance which I knew the girls generally envied me. I did not give him a decided answer.

About this time, Ralph Winston came home from California. Ralph and I had been children together, and very easily grew the best of friends now. The Englishman chanced to be in New York when Ralph first came. The two met at our house and in my presence, and it was evident at sight that this was not the first time they had met; and that they entertained a mutual dislike for each other, though both acknowledged the introduction like strangers.

"Have you ever met Mr. Byers before?" I asked Ralph, at the first opportunity.

"Yes."

"And you don't like him?"

Ralph shook his head emphatically.

"Why not?"

"Do you know how he got his money?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you, one of the prettiest girls in San Francisco fell in love with his handsome face. She was a rich heiress, and as good and true a girl as she knew how to be. Her father hated Byers, and would never consent to her marrying him. She would not marry him without her father's consent. But just as soon as she came of legal age to do so, she made her will, and gave all her money to Byers, at her death. She was visiting in Detroit afterwards, and went away without telling her friends there where she was going, or even without taking a trunk with her. The next they heard of her she was found dead in a sleeping-car at Chicago."

Here Ralph repeated to me those particulars of the tragedy which I recounted at the beginning of this recital.

"Byers, of course, got all her money," Ralph went on, "and took it so greedily and unscrupulously that everybody who knew the circumstances was disgusted. He was in Europe at the time of her death, and came posting to California after the money as soon as he heard of it; and when he had got it, went posting back again. Everybody in San Francisco despised him."

Ralph's story affected me very strangely.

"Was Byers suspected of knowing anything about her death?" I asked.

"There was some mystery about it. But the inquest had decided that she died a natural death, and Byers was abroad at the time, so they could not connect him with it. But I have always suspected, and so have many, that he knew more than he was willing to tell."

Ralph and I were sitting at one extremity of the two parlors. A large mirror was near us, and exactly opposite this mirror in the other parlor was another.

As Ralph said these words, I looked round the rooms involuntarily in search of Mr. Byers.

He was nowhere to be seen, but glancing accidentally in the glass near me, as I turned to address Ralph again, my words froze on my lips. For there, staring at me from the mirror, was the very face whose reflection had scared me so in the drawing-room of the sleeping-car a year before. The very same—handsome, wicked, sneering—in the eyes the same expression of mingled fear and threatening, on the face the same livid and horrible whiteness, and as our eyes met in the mirror he knew me again, as I knew him.

I could not look away. I thought I beheld a vision. It was only by a supreme effort that I kept my senses, so strongly did the old horror and terror of that face, which had held me once, hold me again now.

"Ralph," I said in a low voice, "look where I am looking, and tell me if you see anything."

Ralph obeyed.

"I see Cecil Byers glowering at us like a demon," he said. "He hates me for loving you, I suppose; and let him, only don't you marry him, Lou. I could bear to lose you myself better than to see you the wife of that devil."

Cecil Byers! Odd as it may seem, I had not recognized that awful face in the glass as his, till Ralph named him. I put my hand in Ralph's arm.

"Take me away out of this room, quick," I said. "I never want to meet Cecil Byers again. I am sure I shall scream or faint, or do something dreadful if I do."

Ralph got me out of the room by the nearest door, one which led out upon the terrace, and then I quietly fainted away, a thing which I never did before or since. At the moment I recognized the face in the glass as the face of Cecil Byers, that moment the whole circumstances of the strange story Ralph had just told me seemed to rise before me like monsters. I was back in the drawing-room of the sleeping-car again. I was watching in the mirror opposite me that section half way down the car from which I had beheld the palest and loveliest of faces look with anxious eyes. I was recalling the figure of the man I had seen go gliding toward her, and I remembered now, though it had scarcely occurred to me at the time, and never been recalled since, that as I left the car at Twenty-second street, that very section remained shut in by its draping curtains, just as it had all night. Suddenly the awful conviction burst in upon me that Cecil Byers was a murderer, and that I had almost seen him do the deed.

Was it any wonder I fainted? The next day I went with my father before a magistrate and told my story. I *had* to do it. The angel face of that poor murdered girl haunted me till I did, and would have haunted me till I died, if I had not, for I believe she had been murdered. My story seemed very little when it was told, but when it was proved that I was on the car that very night, or rather morning, on which the dead girl was found, and when I swore positively that it was Cecil Byers I saw go to her berth and come away from it, the matter began to look worthy of investigation.

It was found that Byers had been seen both in Chicago and Detroit before and after that poor girl's death.

He must have scented danger, for he had left Chicago, they found, when they went to arrest him for the murder. They followed him, however, and captured him in New York. He was very bold and defiant at first, but ultimately confessed the cruel deed.

He had met the unfortunate girl out walking, and had persuaded her at last to consent to a secret marriage. She had always been firm enough in her refusal before, but now she had not seen him in a long time, and he was very eloquent, and she did love him, and she was of age. Besides, he promised never to claim her as long as her father lived, unless by his consent; so she yielded. They went on the cars separately, he joining her afterward.

He watched from the upper berth till she fell asleep, and then creeping down, smothered her by holding a plaster of thick wax over her mouth and nostrils. No wonder her eyes wore such a look of agony and horror even in death. When Byers was asked why he killed her, he answered almost coolly:

"I needed the money, and I knew it might be a long time before I got the handling of it if she lived."

"But when she was your wife you could have claimed it."

"Ah, that was just it. She could not be my wife, because I was already married. It was my wife who engaged the section in the sleeping-car for her."

"Where is your wife now?"

"Dead," was the sullen answer, "as she deserved to be."

He deserved to be hung, but he was not. He sickened with some kind of fever in the prison, and died there, without ever having shown much signs of repentance. Such natures as his are incapable of true repentance, I believe.

SIOUX CITY has a cribbage club composed of a party of four, which has been in existence three years, and which since the middle of October last has played 252 games, of which each side took 126.

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.

Organization and Number of the Denomination in the United States.

[From the New York Sun.]

From the latest statistics, it appears that out of the 40,000,000 inhabitants in the United States there are 6,000,000 of Roman Catholics. Opening "Sadlier's Catholic Directory and Almanac" for this year—a work approved by ecclesiastical authority and in common use among the Catholic clergy and laity—I find that the whole territory of this country is divided into seven provinces, containing eleven archdioceses, forty-six dioceses, and eight vicariates apostolic. The provinces are Baltimore, with eight dioceses and one vicariate apostolic; Boston, with six dioceses, all in New England; Cincinnati, eight dioceses, embraced in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Kentucky; Milwaukee, five dioceses and one vicariate, included in the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan and Dakota Territory; New Orleans, seven dioceses and one vicariate, and embracing five Southern States; New York, including the States of New York and New Jersey with their seven dioceses; Oregon, three dioceses and one vicariate; Philadelphia, five dioceses; St. Louis, seven dioceses and two vicariates; San Francisco, three dioceses; and the province of Santa Fe, with its one diocese and two vicariates. These dioceses, archdioceses and vicariates are under the ecclesiastical rule of as many archbishops, bishops and bishop coadjutors, and at the head of these and the hierarchy is now the first appointed American Cardinal or Prince of the Church, His Eminence Cardinal John McCloskey, Archbishop of the Archdiocese of New York. In addition to these higher clergy are five mitered Abbots, whose rank is almost equal to the Bishops. Under these prelates there are about 5,000 priests, including both seculars and those living in monasteries or religious houses. These last belong to that vast army of celebates in the Roman Catholic Church who are formed into orders or communities, living under a rule. These orders are composed of both men and women, known as monks, friars, or brothers, and nuns and sisters, such as the Sisters of Charity, who are religious vestals, but not nuns or cloistered religious. Again, the large corps of workers known as the Christian Brothers, the Franciscan Brothers, and others are celebates, but not priests. They devote themselves mainly to the work of education; they do not preach, or celebrate mass, or perform any of those offices relating to the sacraments, which pertain strictly to the priesthood. The "Catholic Directory" gives us also a list of the names of about 5,000 Roman Catholic clergymen in the United States, and from Thomas O'Kane Murray's "History of the Catholic Church in the United States" we gather these figures: Total number of monks or men living in religious houses, under the rule of twenty-seven different religious orders in the United States, 2,954; religious houses for men (termed variously monasteries, retreats, abbeys, priories, and convents), 228; colleges and seminaries presided over and instructed by these celebates and some secular priests, 75; number of students attending the same, 13,943. These colleges and seminaries are authorized to confer degrees, and are generously and amply provided with libraries, apparatus and all the appliances and aids necessary to enable them to bestow a liberal education. Besides this part of the work of education, these religious and priests do a part of the work of teaching in various pay schools and academies, and also in the 1,700 free Catholic common schools of this republic, with their attendance of over half a million of children. In these common schools are engaged also large numbers of the Sisters of Charity and other women belonging to other religious orders. There are forty-four regular orders for women in this country, with a membership of about 10,000 professed nuns or sisters, besides novices and postulants or candidates for membership. These ladies own and live in 600 convents or religious houses, conduct over 400 academies, about 250 pay schools, 111 asylums, and manage and nurse the patients in 66 hospitals. This is believed, however, to be a very small estimate. They form, moreover, by far the largest number of teachers in the free parochial or Catholic common schools mentioned above. These, it will be remembered, draw no part of the common school fund in any of the States, but are supported by the voluntary contributions of Roman Catholics themselves.

A New View of Hard Times.

A singular reason is now given for the hard times which are pressing so heavily upon all the civilized countries of the world. It is alleged that they are largely caused by labor-saving machinery, the Pacific railroad, the Suez canal, ocean steam navigation, and the electric telegraph.

The London *Economist*—a high authority—recently stated, in support of this nove theory, that the tonnage of the sailing crafts thrown out of employment by the opening of the Suez canal reaches the enormous figure of 2,000,000. That would be 2,000 vessels averaging 1,000 tons each. It is stated that the time and expense of transacting East India business in Europe has been reduced four fifths by the Suez canal, steam navigation and the telegraph. Corresponding reductions have been made in the time and expense of transacting the commercial business of the globe, the Pacific railroad having done for the new world what the Suez canal has done for the old.

The merchant in London, New York or Paris can now order goods by telegraph, as he wants them from any part of the commercial world, and the regularity of steam communication enables him to depend upon their arrival within a certain time. This renders unnecessary the vast accumulations of goods in the chief commercial cities, with their warehouses and trains of employes, which have hitherto entailed such an enormous expense upon commerce.

Owing to all these changes, and to the productiveness of labor-saving machinery, hundreds of thousands of people have been thrown out of employment, and a general dislocation of business affairs has occurred. But a re-adjustment of all these matters is now rapidly going on, and when everthing shall be once more got into good running order the benefits of all these changes will be felt in every channel of trade.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

Its Vast Wealth and Resources—Some Big Figures.

The San Francisco *Journal of Commerce*, in its review of the past year, gives some interesting items of information. The population of California received during the year an increase by immigration, etc., of 55,000, making the population of the State 900,000, the population of its principal city, San Francisco, being 280,000. The import trade of the State amounted to $80,000,000, the export trade to $50,000,000, and the manufactures to $61,000,000. The tonnage of vessels coming into San Francisco alone amounted to 726,309 tons, and the outward-bound tonnage to 760,770. The yield of gold and silver on the whole Pacific coast has been $100,000,000 for the year, making since the memorable year of 1848 the enormous amount of $1,700,000,000. The wheat crop for the year 1876 is spoken of as worth between $30,000,000 and $40,000,000, the principal wheat lands being in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys. The wool crop is estimated at 56,000,000 pounds, worth $9,000,000, and the wine crop at 11,000,000 gallons. These several crops are from the State of California, which is only a portion of the great fertile lands to the west of the mountains. The exact returns from other States and Territories are not given, but their capabilities are shown, and rough estimates made of their productions when properly cultivated. These computations are something too enormous to find ready belief from those who have learned to consider the Pacific slope as mainly a field for mining enterprise. For instance, it is calculated that the area of wine-growing lands on the Pacific coast is 30,000,000 acres, which would produce, at a low estimate of value, $6,000,000,000 worth of wine, or twenty times the amount of the whole of the wine crop of France. This, however, is all in the possible future. The estimate of lumber on that coast, from Southern California to Alaska—which, by the way, would include a large strip of British territory—is reckoned at 4,000,000,000,000 feet. The present production of gold is put at $55,000,000, of which California produces $20,000,000; the production of silver being between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000. The Pacific coast at present imports from 250,000 to 350,000 tons of coal per annum, although there are coal veins in the neighborhood. In California the yield of quicksilver is between 60,000 and 70,000 flasks this year, and the Pacific coast has supplied the rest of the United States with from 7,000 to 8,000 tons of lead. There are large quantities of copper on the coast, but, surrounded by more alluring wealth, the veins appear to be left untouched by the inhabitants. While these enormous fields of wealth are inviting population, it appears that immigration during 1876 was 30,000 short of what it was in 1875, and that of the 85,000 people who arrived in the State during the year only 35,000 remained.

The Printing Business.

Rowell's Newspaper Reporter and Printers' Gazette confirms other evidence in reporting the newspaper and printing business in New York city at its very lowest ebb. Never a year, it says, in the memory of the oldest printer has the business been more unprofitable; the circulation and advertising patronage of the newspapers have fallen off alarmingly; not one of the large book and job offices has even a fair supply of work; competition was never so active, and prices are absurdly low. There are now in the city 500 printers out of work, and, though the nominal prices for piece-work range from 40 to 45 cents a thousand, many offices pay but 30 cents, and weekly wages range from $15 and $16 to $18 and $19, and first-class Adams pressmen are down to $20. The country printing offices, as a rule, we think, are in better condition than this; certainly the year 1876 was an average good one with them for hard times; but we fear 1877 is to borrow its quality from the present condition of things in the cities.—*Springfield Republican.*

Pork Packing.

The number of hogs packed from Nov. 1 to Jan 25, at the six principal cities, with comparisons, is snown in the following:

	To Jan. 25, 1877.	Same date, 1876.
Cincinnati	475,000	496,000
Chicago	1,530,000	1,195,000
St. Louis	586,000	280,000
Louisville	208,000	273,000
Milwaukee	213,000	150,000
Indianapolis	267,000	270,000
At six cities	2,873,000	2,613,000

THE present legal rate of interest in Tennessee is 10 per cent. A proposition is before the State Legislature reducing it to 8 per cent.

PRE-HISTORIC RELICS.

Interesting Archæological Treasures Unearthed in Iowa.

[From the Davenport Gazette.]

Cook's point, on the river bank just west of the city, bids fair to become renowned as the depository of the most remarkable archæological treasures ever discovered in the Mississippi Valley; and the Davenport Academy of Sciences will soon have extensive fame in connection therewith. It is only some two years ago that that earnest academician, Rev. J. E. Gass, pastor of the First German Lutheran Church, made the grand discovery of copper axes and hatchets—some of them cloth-bound—with pottery and human remains, in one of the mounds on the Cook property; and now the same gentleman has another streak of pre-historic luck, in a "find" that will create a sensation among scientists who are delving after knowledge of the pre-historic man—that is if the articles prove to be of no later origin than the ones lately found of that mysterious yet numerous individual.

As Mr. Gass and Mr. L. H. Wilrodt were exploring a mound, they came upon some small slabs of dark shale, the surfaces of which were covered with yellow clay. These were found near some human bones. On removing the clay, what was their astonishment to find that they had secured pictured rocks of great value. The largest was 12x9 inches, and 1¼ inches thick. In rubbing the clay, this slab split in two—and one face of each of the plates of shale were covered with etchings—or rather deep scratches with some metal instrument. One picture represents a scene of sacrifice, evidently. A fire blazing, in the center is a ring; on one side of the blaze is a prostrate human figure, and on the other side are two more beings, all bound, and around the fire and bodies fourteen persons are dancing. In an upper corner is the sun, with long and short rays, opposite is the moon. We are sorry to state that, since this slab has been exposed to the public gaze, persons have tested the shale by scratching it, and thus what was a well-formed face in the moon has been most wholly obscured by scratches. The other represents animals of various kinds—some creeping, some walking, and all much as a little child might draw on a slate. One of the animals is a three-legged monstrosity with a body shaped like a mushroom—it couldn't have been intended for a turtle, as its legs are too long for that. Then there are various circles, with peculiar marks inside. There is a picture of a hunter with bow in hand, he having just shot a deer which lies near him. So it seems the prehistoric man killed deer with bow and arrow, as do the Indians of our era. Another slab, six inches square, shows a series of circles, with twelve figures between each circle—while outside of the outer circle are twelve peculiar figures that are neither human nor animal. The distances between the figures is exactly the same in the margin as is that between the rings. In the center is a small ring from which are marks pointing to the outer signs. This is supposed to be a sort of zodiacal record. Members of the academy who have examined these treasures have no doubt as to their antiquity—in fact the best posted feel convinced that they are of the same age as the copper implements found in mounds which surrounded this one, from which these stone tablets were taken. And we ought to have said before that some of the bones found in the mound are copper-stained, and near them small pieces of copper were found.

It is believed that these tablets will be deposited in their proper receptacle, the cabinet of pre-historic relics in the Academy of Science. Another thing, they ought to be immediately placed where they may be viewed and not handled, for the shale "chips off" easily. Mayhap some skilled person in deciphering hieroglyphics will come along and translate these strange pictures. But they ought not to be taken away from here for that service.

Elephant Labor in London.

"It is very seldom," says the London *Globe*, "that in England elephant labor is utilized, but an instance recently occurred which is worthy of record. The road at the junction of Waterloo and York roads has been lately broken up, and an omnibus proceeding from Stamford street toward the Wandsworth road was so heavily laden that the horses were unable to drag the load. Several of the passengers alighted, and, while the horses were endeavoring in vain to get over the piece of ground, one of Sanger's elephants, under the charge of a keeper, passed along the road. Seeing the helplessness of the horses, the keeper gave instructions to the elephant, who lowered his head, and, placing his forehead at the rear of the 'bus, pushed horses, vehicle, and passengers beyond the obstacle which impeded their progress. This was witnessed by a large number of persons, who loudly cheered the actors in this incident."

An Eagle Carries Off a Pig.

On Monday afternoon last the scholars attending the Fegely school, in Pottsgrove township, this county, saw a very large bird alight on a tree about 300 yards from the school-house, on the Gue property, carrying in its talons a small sucking pig, which it began to devour. The children scampered off in the direction of the tree, when the bird went sailing away, leaving behind it the two hind legs of the young porker. From the description given of the bird by the children, it was no doubt an eagle.—*Pottstown (Pa.) Ledger.*